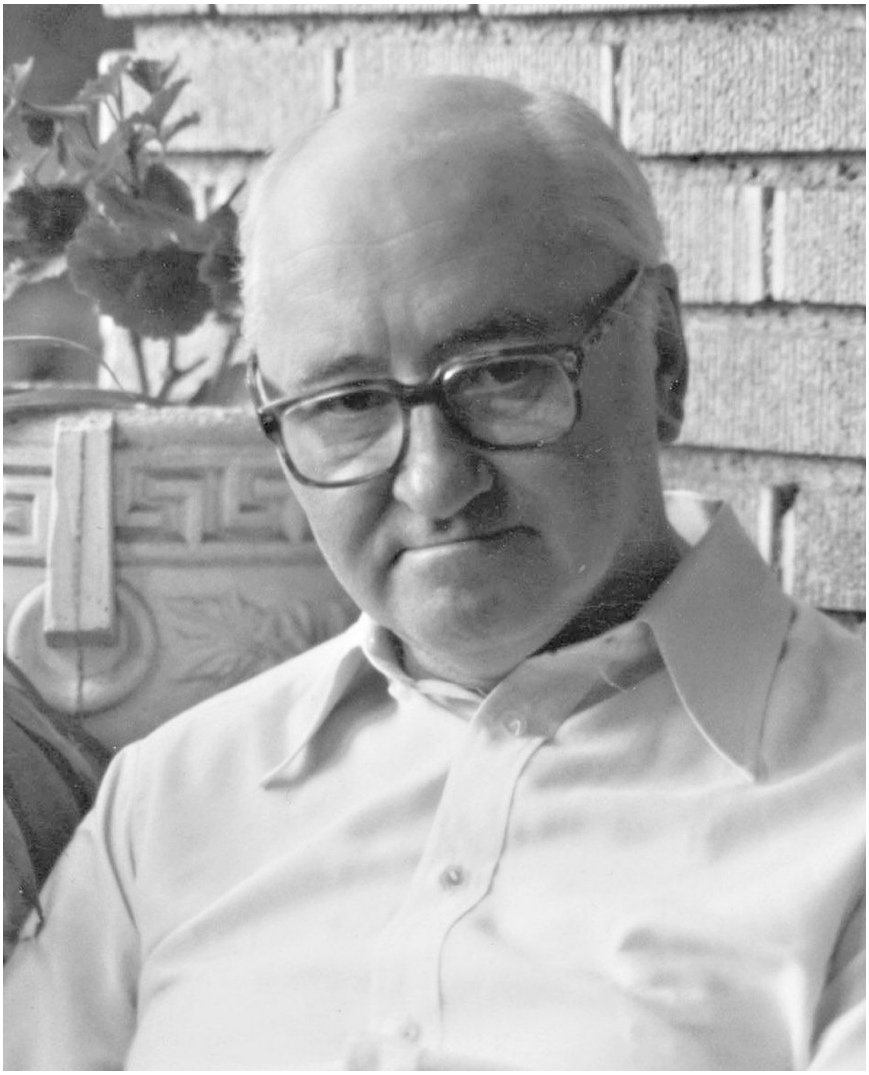

D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

David Roy Shackleton Bailey
1917–2005

D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY, or 'Shackleton', and later 'Shack', as he was known to friends, was a prodigious scholar, a towering figure in textual criticism and the editing and translating of Latin literature, and a brilliant student of Roman Republican history, prosopography and society. To say that his chief contribution was in the editing and emending of a whole range of Latin texts only begins to describe the enduring importance of his work, which amounts to some fifty volumes and more than 200 articles and reviews. Along with A. E. Housman, Shackleton Bailey is recognised as one of the twentieth century's great scholars of Latin textual criticism, expertise in which comes only through a deep immersion in the literary, historical and social traditions in which the Latin language evolved. His combination of daunting intelligence, precise learning, brilliant wit, and broad cultural sensibility are unlikely to be seen again. His own prose style, whether in translations of Cicero, justifying an emendation, or just in correspondence is a delight to read, and frequently quotable. These are the qualities that tied him to Housman, and the two of them back to Richard Bentley, holders all three of the power of textual *divinatio*, as it has been called, the power to successfully emend or explain texts which in the course of their transmission have become corrupted or opaque.

He was an eccentric figure by most standards—he regularly wore colourful sneakers long before they became part of the academic's uniform, and if a store label was stitched to the sleeve of a new coat, there it would often stay for some time. But eccentric he was mainly in the true and joyous sense of the word: quirky, difficult, cultured in profound and complex ways, endowed with a rare and keen sense of humour now cutting, now playful, a critic of human foibles and a man whose dedication

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to logic, reason, judgement, and the primacy of intelligence made those in his presence careful of their thoughts and words. Contrary to a widely held impression, he was an effective and even popular teacher to those few who were prepared to be taught the things he had to teach. But in the classroom, as in his general dealings with people, his scholarly eminence led many to mistake an intense shyness for hostility, indifference or dismissal, those too not absent where he felt they were deserved.

Shackleton Bailey was a creature of strict habit. He would rise late, usually getting down to work by mid-morning, but would then work steadily throughout the day on an ancient Olivetti typewriter which he used until the summer of 2005, when he was obliged to stop working. Ribbons were procured with some difficulty. At Cambridge he lived in college and built up a large private stock of very fine wine, of which he made good use over the years, though it never travelled with him to America. At least in the American years the evenings went like clockwork: from 7 p.m. two gins and tonic or similar, from 8 p.m. a bath, at 9 p.m. dinner which he prepared himself, after dinner bourbon, accompanied by reading, particularly history or biography, and watching television, in which he had quite popular tastes, favouring serials such as 'Dallas' and 'Dynasty', old Westerns, and detective series such as 'Cannon', 'Perry Mason', or 'Columbo'. His favourite bourbon, Mattingly and Moore, was as hard to get as it was inexpensive. His claim that 'alcohol has been my best friend' seemed sadder upon reflection than it did when he uttered it as a simple matter of fact. He enjoyed walking, especially in solitude, and he disliked the urban settings to which university life confined him, particularly in Cambridge, MA. The Yorkshire moors were his favourite destination in the earlier years. His views were conservative and he was an enthusiastic supporter of capitalism and the justice of accumulating wealth. As thrifty as the thriftiest bachelor fellow, he became quite rich by academic standards.

He made different personal impressions on different people, not always positive, but rarely of a simply negative nature. Martin Amis, whose mother was to marry Shackleton Bailey in 1967, recorded his recollections from that period: 'He was, moreover, I always thought, the diametrical opposite of my father: a laconic, unsmiling, dumpty-shaped tightwad.'[1] When on public display his thriftiness could indeed seem of a miserly nature. So for instance tipping in restaurants was at a rate generally 10 per cent below what was normal practice. This had the consequence of

[1] Martin Amis, *Experience* (Toronto, 2000), pp. 152–3 n.

forcing dining companions to overcompensate. There was one rule-proving exception, dramatic in detail and vividly remembered by those present. In the spring semester of 1963 he held a visiting professorship at Harvard. At the end of a valedictory dinner at a French restaurant on the eve of his departure, being then under the mistaken impression that he could not repatriate his remaining dollar earnings, he tossed a pile of 50-dollar bills into the air, saying to the waitress, 'Take what you need'.

He had, however, a generosity of spirit when in the presence of those who saw beyond these (very real) qualities. He was particularly generous of his time and help with younger scholars for whose work he felt an affinity or who made the effort to get to know him, and he had friends outside, though usually on the fringes of, the academic world. Even Amis saw past this aspect: 'Still [he continued], Shack had an interesting head. For twenty years, before he took up the professorship at Michigan, he was the Cambridge University lecturer in Tibetan.' Generally speaking, however, he felt more at home in the regular company of cats, particularly the cat of the 1950s and 1960s, the all-white Donum, gift from Frances Lloyd-Jones and dedicatee of *Cicero's Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1 ('DONO DONORUM AELURO CANDIDISSIMO' 'Gift of gifts whitest of cats')—'more intelligent than most people I have encountered' as he once confided to the present author, somewhat disconcertingly. He would befriend other cats upon his retirement. The only charities to which he contributed were ones that protected animals.

1917–1944

Shackleton Bailey was born in Lancaster on 10 December 1917, into a family that was broken and deeply unhappy on both sides—which helps in understanding the intense shyness and self-protection that many mistook for a lack of humanity.[2] His mother, Rosamund Maude Giles, had been left unsupported when her father, William Giles, abandoned wife and three daughters and went off to seek his fortune in America. She had trained as a nurse at Addenbrookes Hospital in Cambridge before marrying, in 1904, John Henry Shackleton Bailey, whose own family situation had been no easier: his father was a well-born but feckless man, William

[2] For early details I largely borrow often verbatim from excellent written remarks by the subject's niece, Gillian Hawley, prepared for his memorial gathering, which was held in Ann Arbor, Michigan on 22 April 2006.

de Vear Bailey, who spent most of his working life putting seeds into packets; his mother, Sarah Shackleton, a woman of some ferocity whose strength compensated for the unreliability of her husband.

Shakleton Bailey's father, John Henry, had gone on scholarship to St Paul's Boys' School in London, and thence to Worcester College, Oxford where he took a double first in Mathematics and a Doctorate of Divinity. He later trained as a naval officer at Dulwich Naval College, and he stayed at sea until 1911, through the births of Eric (1905) and John (1907). A daughter, Rosamund Joyce ('Bobbie'), was born in 1913, almost five years prior to the arrival of Shackleton Bailey. Eric and John were mercilessly beaten, while our subject, the youngest of the four, like Bobbie, was mostly starved for love: 'My father was a gluttonous man,' was one of the milder comments he passed on this man who from around 1912 was Headmaster of the Royal Lancaster Grammar School. Eric and John went off to Oxford and Cambridge respectively to read law and medicine, leaving the eight-year-old Shackleton Bailey in the care of this sad family. His brother John he liked, but not Eric who became a Conservative MP at 26 (for Manchester Gorton 1931–5), but was soon off to Australia, leaving behind rumours of hands dirtied on the black market.

Shackleton Bailey was a delicate child, and was therefore fortified with a glass of port each day, on the orders of his doctor, until he was discovered drunk, having hoarded his supplies for a binge. He was exempted from sports and so able to devote himself to reading. He was very much the family idol, doted on by his sister in particular, and was encouraged to focus on his own needs and wants from the outset, as he continued to do throughout his life. He might have been sent off to Winchester or some other more competitive setting, but his father preferred to keep him at Royal Lancaster, where the boy's already powerful intellect might reflect well on the headmaster. The father, who handed out nicknames to all the family, called him 'Boffles'. Although Shackleton Bailey recalled that the teaching of classics at Royal Lancaster was excellent, he also noted that it did not altogether satisfy him, and that from an early age he therefore adopted the daily practice of reading an additional 100 lines of Greek or Latin verse, or four pages of prose. This practice of just reading through Greek and Latin, later Sanskrit and Tibetan, texts became ingrained, and it would stay with him throughout his life, with textual emendation becoming a part and extension of this methodical process.

The scars of what must have been a claustrophobic existence were to show. Shackleton Bailey had an intense and genuine dislike of family life, particularly of children, whom he tolerated with difficulty and with

strained artificiality in the case of family and academic friends. This sentiment was exacerbated by the fact that the first fifty years of his life were spent in academic residence, in worlds where bed makers, college butlers, and porters were part of the machinery dedicated to the comfort of the don, with the avoidance of human contact with the real world *a priori* built in. This way of life allowed a focus on scholarship, and, at the end of the day, on the cultivation of relationships with those individuals he valued for their intellectual and cultural superiority, usually connected with dining and drinking, but also with travel, with classical music (particularly Wagner), and with poker, interests that lasted through much of his life. True friendship and intimacy was limited to a few, but was valued and real—as was true dislike and scathing contempt where he felt it was deserved. He was a master of the somewhat puerile but often clever practice of inventing descriptive nicknames for colleagues at large. He was completely genuine, without snobbery, pomposity, or anything in the way of class consciousness.

In the autumn of 1935 he began his studies at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he won every prize for which he entered, and read Classics Part I, getting a first, with distinctions in Greek and Latin verse. He then did Oriental Languages (Sanskrit and Pali) Part I, again with a first. E. J. Kenney, Kennedy Professor of Latin Emeritus, suspected that he did so to avoid Part II (History and Philosophy) of the Classics Tripos, since he would by 1936 have been aware of Housman's failure to get any honours in Greats at Oxford.[3] But this is also to underestimate Shackleton Bailey's interest in the roots of language and in Sanskrit in particular. Moreover, by later turning to an author such as Cicero (as compared to Manilius, for instance) Shackleton Bailey would show himself to be quite ready to engage with the field of Roman history and prosopography. Certain it is however that what may be assumed to be his most vivid and important memory of those years has to do with that other Kennedy Professor and is best presented in his own words, more than twenty years after the event described:[4]

> Housman I only saw (and heard). I remember the scene, perhaps suspiciously well—an old-fashioned lecture room in Trinity. As a first-year undergraduate I had been advised by my Director of Studies to go there on an April morning in 1936. He had let me understand that I might look on the suggestion as a sort

[3] In an obituary in *The Independent*, 4 Jan. 2006.

[4] The opening of 'A. E. Housman as a Classical scholar', *Listener*, 61 (1959), 795–6, originally a talk on the BBC Third Programme for the centenary of Housman's birth (= *Selected Classical Papers* (Ann Arbor, 1997), pp. 317–23).

> of compliment; Professor Housman was a great man, whose lectures were not for everybody. I arrived a few minutes late, after some trouble in finding the room, and was rewarded with a brief glance of tired hostility by the spare figure at the desk—'the indeterminate little man with a scraggy moustache' of a recent description. My impression was less irreverent: of one austere and withdrawn even beyond the run of elderly dons. His voice, clear but monotonous, spoke of Catullus's manuscripts and editors—names like Bährens and Robinson Ellis—in terms that I was later to recognize as characteristic. I never heard it again. A day or two later a notice appeared: Professor Housman was ill and would be unable to lecture. In a fortnight he was dead.

The reminiscence is typical, opening with a quietly learned reference, for those who would get it, to the Roman poet Ovid (b. 43 BC), 'Virgil [d. 19 BC] I only saw' (*Tristia*, 4.10.51, *Vergilium tantum vidi*). The allusion shows a rare humility in the presence of an intellect of equal or superior status: Housman was for Shackleton Bailey what Rome's greatest poet was for the young Ovid. And yet like Ovid, Shackleton Bailey was never simply reverential towards his predecessor, and often enough took issue on specific readings. He also recognised, as had Housman, that Bentley was the greater textual critic, and that German scholars such as Mommsen and Wilamowitz were painting on a larger canvass. What would tie him closely to Housman, however, was the shared belief, for better or for worse, that with and without the help of manuscript readings and explanations of how mistakes had been introduced, the textual critic could through the application of intelligence restore the truth, and could do so in ways beyond the reach of great scholars of a different bent. This was the lesson of a seminar he would run in his American years where Housman and Eduard Fraenkel were pitted against each other by way of the German scholar's thirty-six-page review of the English critic's 1926 edition of Lucan's *De bello civili*, which Shackleton Bailey would himself edit in 1988, enacting his own critically reverential prescription of the previous year of how to treat Housman: 'After sixty years, Housman's text, with its apparatus stretching half way into a commentary, remains paramount . . . What may be reasonably hoped for is another reprint of Housman and a text which, while based on his, will incorporate certain improvements . . . Housman's notes are not free from oversights and lapses, some of them, as coming from him, surprising.'[5]

After Cambridge the war found him, like many classicists and other linguists, put to work in Intelligence, only fleetingly at Bletchley Park,

[5] 'Lucan Revisited', *Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society*, 33 (1987), 74–5 (= *Selected Classical Papers* (Ann Arbor 1997), pp. 235–6.

Bedfordshire, and generally part of a department located elsewhere and engaged in translating Dutch and Turkish messages. His main reminiscence of the war years, about which he was in any case debarred from communication, was that it was easier to get into restaurants in London.

1944–1955

Following wartime service Shackleton Bailey returned as a Fellow of Gonville and Caius College and was also for twenty years University Lecturer in Ancient Tibetan (1948–68). Within a year he had published his first article, 'Propertiana' (*Classical Quarterly*, 39 (1945), 119–22), consisting of eleven textual notes on the Roman elegist. Further such notes would follow, and in 1956 he published the book *Propertiana*, emending or explaining the text in hundreds of places, in short a textual commentary on this poet, whose manuscript tradition is difficult, and whose text was more in need of attention than those of the other Augustan poets. This would be typical of his manner of research, beginning with the publication of discrete notes and culminating in later instances in a critical edition with (Cicero) or without (the *Anthologia Latina*, Horace, Lucan, Martial) commentary. By his own estimation he published between 2,000 and 3,000 conjectures, a staggering figure.

While working on Propertius during these years he also devoted himself to the editing of Sanskrit and Tibetan hymns.[6] This dimension of his academic career has generated curiosity, affectionate amusement, and sometimes wry speculation from his friends and colleagues in Classics. It has been said that he began the study of Tibetan out of an infatuation with the British occultist, Aleister Crowley,[7] while others have speculated that he chose to study Tibetan because he was attracted to 'the difficulty and remoteness of the subject'.[8] Classicist colleagues also held the view that he avoided teaching Tibetan during his tenure as University Lecturer in that subject, although, as can be imagined, this is a less-than-fond

[6] This paragraph and the one that follows are the contribution of Dr Charles Hallissey, Senior Lecturer on Buddhist Studies at the Harvard Divinity School.

[7] This may be true, and he clearly went through an occultist phase, acquiring Tibetan (after he already had Sanskrit) partly because of that interest, as he told Glen Bowersock, his Harvard colleague. Bowersock's position is not well represented by Thomas Laqueur, 'Why margins matter: occultism and the making of modernity', *Modern Intellectual History*, 3 (2006), 123, which absurdly states that Shackleton Bailey 'published more on the esoteric than he did on Cicero, his official speciality'!

[8] Georg Luck, 'Remembering Shackleton Bailey', *Exemplaria Classica*, 10 (2006), 6.

memory among those centrally concerned with Tibetan studies at Cambridge.[9] Other anecdotes connected to his studies of Tibetan include his enjoyment of 'exotic forms of solitaire', some of which he is said—perhaps somewhat fancifully—to have taught to the exiled Dalai Lama.[10]

While such anecdotes may testify to the affection that Shackleton Bailey enjoyed among his colleagues in Classics, they do not do justice to his accomplishment as a scholar in Tibetan. Here too, however, his interests were secondary to more primary goals, in this case with respect to Sanskrit. An examination of Shackleton Bailey's most enduring work in this area, an edition of the Buddhist *Hymn of 150 Verses* (Śatapañcāśatka) by Mātṛceṭa, one of the most notable Buddhist Sanskrit poets of the first centuries CE,[11] makes it clear that his interest in Tibetan, as a scholar at least, was not in Tibetan culture as such but in the light that Tibetan translations, commentaries, and histories could shed on Buddhist Sanskrit texts. J. C. Wright, Professor of Sanskrit at the University of London's School of Oriental and African Studies, has described Shackleton Bailey's edition as 'reasonably definitive', an estimation hardly ever accorded to editions of Sanskrit literary works, particularly editions of such a pioneering nature.[12] The textual critic of Latin literary texts is found to be just as capable in this edition of Mātṛceṭa as he is in a more preliminary edition of another poetic work by Mātṛceṭa that Shackleton Bailey was preparing at the same time, namely the Varṇārhavarṇastotra.[13] The breadth of his reading in Sanskrit and Pali is evident in the references to relevant Buddhist literature found throughout the notes to his work on the Sanskrit poet.

Shackleton Bailey's editorial methodology was determined by the peculiar nature of these texts, both of them seriously lacunose and corrupted in other ways. In 1975 he described the complexities involved in editing the Śatapañcāśatka:[14]

[9] However, according to E. J. Kenney (*The Independent*, 4 Jan. 2006), he did have three students who did the Tripos in Tibetan, and the market for this ultra-obscure subject cannot have been great.

[10] Peter Green, Letter to the Editor, *Times Literary Supplement*, 14 Feb. 2007.

[11] D. R. Shackleton Bailey (ed. and trans.), *The Śatapañcāśatka of Mātṛceṭa* (Cambridge, 1951).

[12] J. C. Wright, 'Review of Jens-Uwe Hartmann, *Das Varṇārhavarṇastotra des Mātṛceṭa*', *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies*, 52 (1989), 570.

[13] D. R. Shackleton Bailey, 'The Varṇārhavarṇastotra des Mātṛceṭa' I [and] II, *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and African Studies*, 13 (1951), 671–701, 947–1003.

[14] D. R. Shackleton Bailey, 'Editing ancient texts', in H. H. Paper (ed.), *Language and Texts: The Nature of Linguistic Evidence* (Ann Arbor 1975), 24 (= *Selected Classical Papers* (Ann Arbor 1997), pp. 326–7).

> . . . after the downfall of the religion in India the Sanskrit text disappeared. Some fragments turned up in China and were published early in this century. Then in 1936 [about the time Shackleton Bailey would have been deciding what to do after the Greek and Latin Part I?] an Indian scholar found a complete manuscript of the shorter hymn in the library of a Tibetan monstery, which he transcribed on the spot and then published. But the text was still in a deplorable condition, due to corruptions in the manuscript and no doubt to errors on the part of the transcriber. To reform it, I was able to procure photographs of a number of manuscript fragments hitherto unpublished. To these materials were added an eleventh-century Tibetan translation (in three slightly variant versions), a ninth(?)-century Tibetan commentary originally in Sanskrit but surviving only in Tibetan, a seventh-century Chinese translation, and, for good measure, a short fragment of yet another translation into Kuchean, a language of which I have never known a word.

What clearly challenged him was the difficult job of restoring the Sanskrit text, an 'engrossing task' as he put it, and it is remarkable that he and others express such confidence in the result. As he noted: 'If ever a complete manuscript turns up, we shall see what we shall see.'[15] One reviewer desiderated a setting of the hymn into its cultural and religious context, and it may be that Shackleton Bailey was somewhat indifferent to the material, and to its context. Even Cicero's philosophical material would hold little interest for him. In reviewing an edition of that author's *Tusculan Disputations* he remarked 'A number of passages, some lengthy, are accordingly bracketed. There is much to be said for this, though I fear nothing will make the "Tusculans" into an intellectually satisfying experience.'[16] By the end of this period he had abandoned his Tibetan research, more attracted to the writers of ancient Rome, and to the greater challenges of Rome's broader set of texts and historical contexts.

1955–1968

Without a university appointment in Classics, Shackleton Bailey had been in a somewhat unsatisfactory position, particularly since he had stopped writing in the area of his lectureship. In 1955 he moved from Gonville and Caius into Jesus College, taking up a position vacated by his friend Hugh Lloyd-Jones, who had the previous year vacated the Jesus

[15] D. R. Shackleton Bailey, 'Editing ancient texts', in H. H. Paper (ed.), *Language and Texts: The Nature of Linguistic Evidence* (Ann Arbor 1975) 25 (= *Selected Classical Papers* (Ann Arbor, 1997), p. 328).
[16] *Gnomon*, 58 (1986) 735.

fellowship to return to Oxford, as a Praelector at Corpus Christi College. Lloyd-Jones was instrumental in Shackleton Bailey's move, prevailing upon Sir Denys Page, who was also presumably persuaded by *Propertiana*, part of which he read and criticised as the preface of that work attests.

In 1958, aged only 40, Shackleton Bailey was elected FBA, in the same year receiving the prestigious Litt.D. from Cambridge in recognition of his publications. In 1985 he would also be awarded the British Academy's Kenyon Medal, normally awarded to UK-based scholars. It is quite remarkable that he never received the recognition he deserved from the Cambridge Classics faculty. A Cambridge colleague recalls his turning down a lectureship, holding out rather for a readership, and further recalls that a member of the Appointments Committee later stated that the readership would soon have followed had the lectureship been accepted. Whatever the truth of the matter, it is to say the least a paradox that the most distinguished classicist of his generation at Cambridge had no affiliation with its Faculty of Classics. In 1964 he returned to Caius as Deputy Bursar, becoming Senior Bursar in 1965.

The attractions of Caius and the Bursarhip were probably threefold: the increased emolument will have appealed, as would the diminution of Greek and Latin teaching, which would have become quite heavy in the Jesus years, given the strong Classics programme of that college. But he was also fond of his old college, and of those, 'to whose Society I have until recently had the honour and happiness to belong', as he had put it in the preface to *Propertiana* (Cambridge, 1956). Unfortunately his tenure of the Bursarship came at a very difficult time, and was somewhat stormy. He was not really suited to a position involving complex and multifarious responsibilities towards other people.

In these years his name is most closely associated with that of Cicero (106–43 BC), whose letters in their entirety and speeches selectively he edited, with translation and commentary. Scholars, students, and (through later Penguin and Loeb Classical Library translations) the general educated reader were, and continue to be, indebted to Shackleton Bailey, particularly for his work on Cicero's letters, our best evidence for the twilight years of the Roman republic. Cicero's correspondence, very little of which was ever intended for the public eye, reveals much about the most important orator and, in many ways, the most important thinker, of the Roman world. As Achilles was fortunate to find his poet in Homer, so Cicero is lucky to have found his interpreter in Shackleton Bailey. Cicero's letters bristle with literary and other jokes; with oblique

references to persons, sometimes unnamed, for whom we have no other evidence; with allusions to political happenings of central importance, again known primarily or only from the letter in question. Brilliant at representing the idiom of this complex Roman statesman, poet, orator, philosopher, and theorist of rhetoric, Shackleton Bailey revealed the depth of his scholarly control of all aspects of Latin and of late republican Rome, and so gave the world in exquisite English with the necessary commentary a Cicero who never meant us to read his correspondence, but is revealed by it as infinitely more complex, sympathetic and, ultimately, more human for our being able to do so.

The relationship with Cicero's correspondence had begun early, while Shackleton Bailey was still in school. He recalls reading Tyrrell and Purser's edition of the letters before going to Cambridge in 1935, and again, 'before leaving Cambridge for wartime distractions in 1941', as he would later put it.[17] But up to that point, Cicero had been for reading only, and so things would continue until the mid-1950s when his publication was more or less limited to Sanskrit and Tibetan materials, and to the text of Propertius. He at first conceived of a specific and more limited project:[18]

> . . . an edition of the letters, nearly all of them to Atticus [Cicero's friend from schooldays, and main correspondent], from January to June of 49 B.C., the opening months of the Civil War, when Cicero was at one or other of his Campanian villas, in the painful process of making up his mind whether, and later when, to join Pompey in southeast Italy and subsequently in Greece. During this period the correspondence is rich and copious as never before or after, reflecting every change of mood, every reaction to incoming news and rumors. To read it is almost to live under the same roof.

Exciting and useful as such an edition would be—it could still be created simply by a process of culling from what he did go on to produce—we are indeed fortunate that Shackleton Bailey moved in different and more comprehensive directions. An intended collaboration to do an Oxford Classical Text of the *Letters to Atticus* with W. S. Watt fell by the way when Watt 'abruptly and acrimoniously' terminated the arrangement—in later years the two resumed the exchange of offprints, and in 1984 when Shackleton Bailey was Editor of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* Watt there published 'Notes on Seneca Rhetor', which was followed by the Editor's own article, 'More on Pseudo-Quintilian's Longer

[17] D. R. Shackleton Bailey, 'A Ciceronian Odyssey', *Ciceroniana*, 8 (1994), 88.
[18] Ibid.

Declamations'. As a consequence of the falling out Shackleton Bailey therefore did the second half of the letters to Atticus (1961), and then the complete text, translation and commentary in seven masterly volumes (1965–70), in the new *Cambridge Classical Texts and Commentaries* ('Cambridge orange') series, intended for scholarly rather than school use.

Shackleton Bailey tells of the 'many hours of childish entertainment' afforded by the discovery, when he was twelve years old, of a list of Roman republican consuls.[19] Part of the challenge of working on these letters has to do with the complex prosopographical questions to which they give rise, that is, with identification of figures named, alluded to, or hinted at, and with their relationships to each other. In his commentary and in learned notes and articles Shackleton Bailey would, through a combination of painstaking philological work and the application of a powerful memory and precise intelligence, shed light where there had been darkness, enormously improving the work of Tyrrell and Purser. His interests had always been directed to the factual and the historical, so it was as a natural consequence of his close textual work on the speeches and letters that he became an expert in the prosopography of the first century BC. A number of learned studies emerged, in note and article form, but also monographs, *Two Studies in Roman Nomenclature* (University Park, PA, 1976), *Onomasticon to Cicero's Speeches* (Stuttgart, 1988, 2nd edn. 1992), and *Onomasticon to Cicero's Letters* (Stuttgart, 1995), with the inscription in large capital letters 'MAX', he being one of the Ann Arbor cats of Shackleton Bailey's retirement years. Here as throughout his work he engages with his critics, in a powerful and witty style that was his trademark. So in an appendix in the third volume responding to 1987 and 1993 reviews of the first and second volumes: 'S.'s question . . . would not have been asked if he had read the entry in *Studies* which he believes he is confuting'; 'That is precisely what my discussion, which again seems to have passed over his head, seeks to clarify'; 'The list, says S., does not aim at completeness. Given his propensity for finding oversights where none exist, it could doubtless be extended . . ..'

There was plenty of other scholarship throughout these years, and indeed up until the time when getting to an academic library became physically difficult, but even then he continued with work less dependent on a research library. The variety moreover was impressive. In his own words: 'Most of the items in my bibliography [*Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, 92 (1989), 457–70] are non-Ciceronian. But other

[19] Shackleton Bailey, 'A Ciceronian Odyssey', 90.

authors in it came and went. Cicero continues.'[20] Not that his interest was hagiographical. What interested him was the record left by Cicero, and the access it provided to the mind of the man and to the times in which he lived. An article of 1997 ('Caesar's Men in Cicero's Correspondence') culls from asides, hints, and obscure references in the letters to paint a complex psychological portrayal of Cicero and his often conflicting public and private attitudes to Caesar and the triumphant Caesarians in the years following the victory at Pharsalus. Cicero emerges not as despicable, but as human in his delusions about his own place in the brave new world of Caesarism which was soon to bring an end to the ideals to which he had clung.

1968–1989

Things were about to change for Shackleton Bailey. In 1967 he married Hilary ('Hilly') Amis (Hilary Ann Bardwell), recently divorced wife of Kingsley Amis, who had been a Fellow of Peterhouse between 1961 and 1963. Since residence in college was no longer possible, the marriage was partly responsible for the move in 1968, with teenaged Sally Amis, to the United States and a Professorship of Latin at The University of Michigan. It seemed unlikely from the start that the new domestic arrangement would be successful. Hilly was presumably attracted by the expected security of life with a so-far confirmed bachelor don. Shackleton Bailey for his part found her amusing, her company congenial, and must have persuaded himself that domesticity might be a possibility. In Ann Arbor she and a friend opened a fish-and-chip shop ('Lucky Jim's'), partly to supplement a fairly meagre allowance provided by her new husband, for whom the bursarship was his only guide in such matters. Shackleton Bailey, conspicuous in a white chef's apron, helped out at the counter. This was among other things a mark of his utter lack of snobbishness. The couple, along with daughter Sally, lived in a rented sabbatical house ('The Morgue' as Hilly called it), neighbours of John and Teresa (née Waugh) D'Arms. D'Arms had been a graduate student at Harvard when Shackleton Bailey was there in 1963, and was partly responsible for persuading Shackleton Bailey to come to America. It was in this period that he also met Kristine Zvirbulis, to whom he would be married when he retired to Ann Arbor after his Harvard years. The

[20] Ibid. 92

situation was highly combustible, the whole arrangement doomed. Within a year the beloved cat Donum had died, and within two the marriage had disintegrated. He returned alone from a vacation in Spain under the misapprehension she would be following a week later. In a rare interview many years later her memories had not softened. The fact is that neither nature nor nurture had prepared him to attend in any sustained way to the needs and concerns of others.

The years continued to be productive of scholarship if not of domestic harmony. In Ann Arbor, as later at Harvard where he moved in 1976, becoming Pope Professor of Latin in 1982, the Ciceronian correspondence continued to occupy him, with the appearance in 1977 of the *Epistulae ad familiares* (Cambridge), the letters to (and many from) his friends, to which D'Arms had encouraged him to turn following completion of the letters to Atticus; and finally came the letters to Cicero's brother Quintus in 1980. He contemplated doing for Cicero's speeches what he had done for the letters, but although he translated a number of them, and in 1979 published fifty pages of emendations and elucidations of all the speeches, he decided the task was too big to take on. It may be he also felt that his own style of conjectural criticism was better directed elsewhere. A 1976 review of an edition by the Swedish textual critic Lenart Håkanson opened with words which were to lead away from canonical classic authors such as Cicero and Propertius: 'When E. R. Dodds pronounced that our texts are good enough to live with, he cannot have been thinking of G. Lehnert's Teubner edition (1905) of the longer declamations falsely ascribed to Quintilian.'[21] His bibliography for 1976 and 1977 shows a total of nineteen items, almost one per month, and that includes *Two Studies in Roman Nomenclature* (University Park, PA, 1976), and the two-volume *Epistulae ad familiares* (Cambridge, 1977) which would win the Charles J. Goodwin Award of Merit in 1978 for the best book published by a member of the American Philological Association. The other items of those two years show great breadth—articles or notes of general philological or historical interest, reviews of editions, of historical works, of the transmission of classical texts, and further emendations, but now of authors less familiar at least to students of classical Latin—Paulinus of Nola, Sidonius Apollinaris, Ausonius, Orientius, Salvian and Avianus. These notes set out to solve problems, to fix up corrupted or misunderstood Latin texts. There is no introductory

[21] D. R. Shackleton Bailey, review of L. Håkanson, *Textkritische Studien zu den grösseren pseudoquintilianischen Deklamationen* (Lund, 1974), *American Journal of Philology*, 97 (1976), 73.

material and nothing by way of conclusion, as is proper given the genre. Shackleton Bailey was simply exposing texts to his considerable genius with the Latin language; the fixing of the problem was all that mattered, and these notes, as expected, fix many problems, problems few other scholars at any period could have successfully emended.

Whose problems, however, as some would ask? In 1979 he published *Towards a Text of 'Anthologia Latina'* (*Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society*, suppl. vol. 5), followed in 1982 by the first volume of the edition *Carmina in codicibus scripta*. The authors in the Latin Anthology are generally not of the calibre of Propertius, Horace, and Cicero, and as Michael Reeve noted 'Users of this edition will inevitably wonder whether he has caught the authors napping rather than the scribes.' But he also added 'The greatest single virtue of his emendations is that they make the reader think.'[22] This project was also one that called for more work on the manuscripts and testimonia to these poems than Shackleton Bailey was at this point inclined by nature to put in. It was for this neglect too that the edition was faulted: 'If users of it decline to take Shackleton Bailey seriously as a critic because they cannot take him seriously as an editor, he will have only himself to blame.'[23] The following year, in a review of an Italian edition of Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, Shackleton Bailey seemed to respond, with a reference to the 'many an editor and textual critic so called who gives infinite labour to manuscripts and apparatus critici (I speak of σπουδαῖοι) with but scant concern, and that not always enlightened, for what he puts on top'.[24] But the edition, as distinct from the many brilliant or at least interesting conjectures and explanations it contains, is not amongst his greatest achievements. There would be no further volume; the epigraphic material in particular was, as he was the first to acknowledge, beyond his expertise or patience.

In his teaching he had always been attracted to the poet Horace, and in these same years that is where much of his scholarly attention turned, though significantly to the Horace of the poems in dactylic hexameter, the *Satires* and *Epistles*, less so the *Odes* and *Epodes*. This was in line with his greater interest in recoverable facts, in human characters, and in observing personalities operating within history and society. *Profile of Horace* (London, 1982), largely written during a sabbatical year at Peterhouse (1980–1), came out in 1982. As with Cicero, so to a lesser but real degree with Horace, there were personal affinities. A sentence under

[22] *Phoenix*, 39 (1985), 178.
[23] Ibid. 180.
[24] *Gnomon*, 58 (1986), 735.

'Biographical Note' resonates: 'Instead of sending his son to the local school (in Venusia, or was that Lancaster?), Horace senior took him to Rome and provided him with the best education possible' (p. ix). The book was the closest thing to literary criticism he would do, and was something of a curiosity, not entirely successful. Since he was interested in the poet's 'amiable persona', as the dust jacket has it, his focus was almost entirely on the *Satires* and *Epistles*, with a five-page chapter on some aspects of the *Odes* only to show that self-portrayal was in the lyric Horace subordinated to higher literary goals and games; that is, the *Odes* do not help much with the actual profile. To some extent Shackleton Bailey read the *Satires* and *Epistles* in too straightforward a way, perhaps as an extension of his reading of the Ciceronian letters—a very different genre from Horace's poetically innovative verse 'conversations' (as he called his *Satires*) and *Epistles*, these never intended as actual correspondence. 'Hellenistic convention is a cock that will not fight in the Satires', he wrote, a judgement perhaps formed through such a biographically oriented under-reading.[25] In fact the *Satires* are fundamentally connected with the renovation and creation of genre that are a mark of Hellenist Greek and Augustan Roman poetry, in which allusivity and artistry fundamentally complicate the apparently autobiographical aspects of poetry.

One-third of this book was taken up with two appendixes, the first containing textual notes on Horace, the second a reprint of a 1962 essay, 'Bentley and Horace'. The text of Horace was clearly distracting the literary critic, and in 1985 he published his Teubner (Stuttgart) edition of this poet. In 1962 Shackleton Bailey had noted that the text Bentley put out in 1706 (with notes in 1711, and second improved edition in 1713) made 700 changes to the vulgate of that time, 500 with some manuscript support, 200 being Bentley's own conjectures. Some 300 non-conjectural readings had found favour with subsequent editors. 'The number will surely be higher', he wrote in 1962, 'when Horace is next edited by a critic' (by which, as always, he meant 'textual critic'). And so it was that 216 of the 350 divergences from Friedrich Klingner's edition (1939, 3rd edn. 1957) consisted of emendations, thirty-five by Shackleton Bailey himself, and Bentley (who gets his own abbreviation 'B' in the apparatus) coming next.[26] Many reviewers found his text both more interesting than Klingner and less Horatian than István Borzsák's 1984 Teubner

[25] *Profile of Horace* (London, 1982), p. 75.
[26] D. Mankin, *American Journal of Philology*, 109 (1988), 273.

(Leipzig), which had hewed much closer to Klingner. The pared down apparatus to the edition is unsurprising, given his life-long hostility to the recording of scribal detritus and of almost anything that was not involved in restoring true readings—problematic as that concept had become in a postmodern world, and particularly with this poet. Housman's Manilius had shown how a great textual critic could improve a more predictable poet, but Horace is another matter. To the degree Horace is ideologically and poetically more complex than a poet such as Manilius, any given conjecture to his text is likely to find a greater resistance. Not that the result was not exciting. As Robin Nisbet put it: 'In spite of some curiosities this is an important and original work that should interest all Latin specialists and be included in every classical library'[27]—but not used in teaching is the implication, or accepted as the best text of Horace. But the edition is a scholar's edition, and a close reading of Shackleton Bailey's Horace, along with the textual notes that preceded it, the detailed reviews of Josef Delz, Robin Nisbet, and others that followed, and Shackleton Bailey's own re-engagement in 'Horatian Aftermath', make for stimulating and intellectually valuable reading.

In these years (1980–1 and 1983–5) he also served as Editor of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, the only administrative position he occupied from the time he left the Bursarship of Caius until his retirement in the summer of 1988.

1989–2005

In 1989 Shackleton Bailey returned to Ann Arbor where he continued to work until the summer before his death at 9.45 a.m. on Monday, 28 November 2005. He taught a few seminars at the University of Michigan in the earlier of these years, but his routine was otherwise unchanged, and he produced more in retirement than many scholars produce in a lifetime. In 1994 he and Kristine Zvirbulis, with whom he shared his house, were married. Donum the white Cambridge cat was finally replaced by a tabby (Max) who became his evening companion, possessed of an uncanny ability to sense, moments before the event, when Shackleton Bailey was ready to retire, at which moment Max himself retired in preparation for the ensuing evening's ritual. The third and final cat, the grey-and-white Poppaea, preferred his daytime company, and would regularly be waiting

[27] R. G. M. Nisbet, *Classical Review*, 36 (1986), 227.

for her master as he performed his predictable quotidian catabasis to his basement study, and to the day's work. The evening anabasis coincided with the disappearance of Poppaea, whose position was faithfully resumed the following morning.

Shackleton Bailey was untroubled by the assault on positivism that came to the Humanities, particularly in the 1980s, to Classics somewhat later than to other disciplines. Through the course of that decade the word 'philology' had become problematic, in some quarters being associated with resistance to theoretical modes, and treated as the enemy, while in response those engaged in the sort of scholarship Shackleton Bailey excelled in tended to mockery and parody of extreme examples of post-structuralism, neohistoricism and the like. The year before he left for Ann Arbor, there was a conference at Harvard 'What is Philology?', later published as *Comparative Literature Studies*, 27.1 (1990). Asked by a colleague if he would be coming to hear 'What is Philology?' Shackleton Bailey, for whom the definition was easy ('looking things up', he once defined it), replied curtly 'No, I already know. I will be doing it.'

The precise, philological work continued then, still with frequently brilliant and palmary textual work, but there was more besides. One book is revealing. In 1982 Lenart Håkanson had published, in *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, a thirty-page article 'Homoeoteleuton in Latin dactylic poetry' on the (limited) circumstances under which juxtaposed rhyming words may occur—rhyme not being a feature of Latin poetry. Shackleton Bailey came to realise the data were flawed: 'he [Håkanson] missed the main point, or at any rate failed to appreciate it properly . . .'. He was less harsh on the Swedish scholar (of whom he approved, and besides he had been Editor in that year) than on the venerable Eduard Norden, whose 'Appendix IV on *Aen*. VI is fumbling in the dark'.[28] Nevertheless things had to be put aright, so off he went to find the true exceptions, namely the juxtaposition of rhymed noun and epithet. This involved reading, understanding, and analysing the inflexional and other identity of words in some 126,026 lines of classical Latin verse and—even more impressive—62,974 from late antiquity. He kept the project to himself, fearful that someone would 'tell a computer to do it', and thereby beat him to it—unlikely given the sophistication of his organisation of the data and of the intelligence applied, although his computer illiteracy did not allow him to realise as much.

[28] *Homoeoteleuton in Latin Dactylic Verse* (Stuttgart and Leipzig, 1994), p. 1.

Harvard classicist and Trustee of the Loeb Classical Library Zeph Stewart was one of the few friends who kept in touch with Shackleton Bailey after his retirement and return to Ann Arbor in 1989. Another was George Goold, General Editor of the Loeb green (Greek) and red (Latin) translations. The relationships were fortunate indeed, and the last twelve years of Shackleton Bailey's life found him translating for the series. Although he had always liked to walk, and so was in his earlier retirement years able to get to the University's library, his doing so became increasingly arduous. So for these reasons and because of his natural affinity for translation he turned almost entirely to that art, a more self-contained form of scholarship, which he continued until the summer of 2005, when he completed the *Lesser Declamations of Pseudo-Quintilian* (Cambridge, MA). The two volumes, numbers 500 and 501 of the Library, came out in 2006. Perhaps of more importance, certainly of more general interest, were three volumes (1993) translating the epigrams of Martial, based on Shackleton Bailey's own Teubner edition (1990). There followed eight volumes of Cicero's Letters, slightly revised from the Cambridge editions (1999–2001), two volumes for Valerius Maximus' *Memorable Doings and Sayings* (Cambridge, MA, 2000), not translated into English since 1678, three volumes of the poetry of Statius (Cambridge, MA, 2003)—in this case not just an elegant new translation, but also a Latin text that profited from his critical notice, unusually for the Loeb series.

In 1977 he was elected to the American Philosophical Society and in 1979 to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (he later let his membership lapse when he judged its publication *Daedalus* not sufficient compensation for the annual dues); he received an honorary D.Litt. from Dublin in 1984; in 1999 an honorary membership in the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies, in 2000 an honorary fellowship at Gonville and Caius. In 2005 the College of Literature, Sciences, and the Arts at The University of Michigan named a collegiate chair for him, and a portrait of him was presented to the Department of Classical Studies there in 2008.

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